

THE NEW**SWEDISH EROTICA****77****Film Review
Magazine**

T.M.

**FIVE
HOT
FILMS
IN
THIS
ISSUE!**

S.E. FILM #213



S.E. FILM #213



S.E. FILM #390



S.E. FILM #459



S.E. FILM #394



Le't's talk about sex! That happens to be the title of the first film story in this issue, and we think that you, our faithful audience, will agree that this potpourri of cinematic sexplay lives up to everything which you have come to expect from Swedish Erotica. Namely... the finest in sexual entertainment, both on the screen and also in our full-color pages!

We have five hot blooded tales for you starring the likes of Annette Haven and Johnny Keyes, plus a score of others, eager sucking lovelies, and pumping throbbing guys who all give the word sex a new meaning.

As I said, ... there's everything here you've come to expect, and likewise, we expect you to come!
Enjoy.

NUMBER 438

LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX



Conducting a door-to-door sex survey provided special kicks for Suzy. The pay wasn't much, but she didn't have expensive tastes and managed to get by. What turned her on about the job was the lack of routine, the

almost constant presence of the unexpected . . . and those wild studs who were home during the day and had nothing to do except entertain strange women who came knocking at their doors. That coincided exactly with what Suzy loved most in life — strange cocks deep in her cunt or filling her

brows — or so tightly jammed into her mouth that she almost choked on them!

Phil's dick was her prize for the week. She knew he'd be something special by the way his eyes slid up and down her body. Suzy was conducting a pool of fucking habits that week — her pussy



tiny 10-year-old. "This is unspoken desire. The way his pants bulge," thinking at her first question, "how many times per week do you eat pussy? So?" told her that the interview would be a long one.

In fact, Suzy never did get a full answer to that question since it's hard for the average man to talk when his tongue is deep in a juicy neck, searching for the clit. Besides, Suzy was no longer interested in the answer. Her mouth was soon filled with his cock, and words were beyond her. She couldn't breathe either.

She did find out how often her respondent could shoot off. He came once in her mouth, once up her ass, and twice in her cunt during that long afternoon. As for how many times Suzy came, neither she nor Phil were keeping score and, besides, that wasn't on her questionnaire.

Naturally, he slowed down a bit after the first two loads were fired. The last fuck, while she lay sprawled in the missionary position, must have lasted an hour or more and Suzy was practically unconscious while he pumped frenziedly away. Her mind was out of it but her body was reacting totally, grinding with his every thrust, cunt clenching and sucking like a hungry mouth that craved every drop of goodness from his cock.



It was the sweetest fuck of her life.





It was the sweetest fuck she'd had in months, his thick whang stretching her pussy to its limits. It was with regret that she slowly dressed after he groaned, sighed and rolled off her to lie with eyes closed, cock wilting and a dribble of cum trickling from its tip. Business was business and there were other men to be surveyed, other rods to suck! ●



NUMBER 390

RACING STRIPES



One of the nice things about having Heidi as a teacher, for anything, is that she's liable to give you a tongue lashing if you make a mistake. Any mistake. If the lesson is in anatomy you're especially lucky, because while Heidi may know nothing about the kind of comparative anatomy taught in medical schools, she knows more about human anatomy and what makes it tick sexually.

than all the medical professors in the world taken together. If her talents are ever recognized by academics, Heidi is sure to get at least an honorary doctorate in sexual anatomy.

Of course, that's not the reason why Heidi became interested in the young student type stud she spotted studying in the park. She didn't care what the subject matter on his pages was concerned with at all. But he was the darkly handsome type who always

turned her on, he looked as though he had muscles and energy to spare — and there was a huge bulge at his crotch where his cock was straining against the fabric.

His cock was hard again and out of his pants the instant the door of Heidi's car slammed shut behind him. Heidi is one of the finest one-hundred drivers known. Thirty seconds after he was in her home his clothes were off — Heidi's also, mostly — and his cock

was deep in her mouth. Heidi had not had anything to eat in the way of man meat since early morning and she was famished for nourishment. She believes that the enormous quantities of cum she's swallowed in her life have contributed considerably to her spectacular beauty and health. This stud represented a hitherto untapped source of the precious stuff and, although he'd expended a considerable quantity in his own pants (Heidi had set them soaking at once so that they would not dry stiff), she reasoned that a stud with a cock like that had plenty more to spare. Besides, every minutes his balls were







generating more of the stuff.

The moment his cock head entered her cunt it seized him, drew him still deeper like living quicksand. It wasn't warm around his cock, it was hot. It wasn't damp, it was filled with a slippery liquid that tingled against his cock like tiny

bubbles bursting. Heidi's cunt juices almost felt carbonated. And perhaps they were. All the young stud knew was that his cock was experiencing something few mortals are ever privileged to know. •



She took it from behind!



NUMBER 459

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE



MONDAY EVENING, Greg James Arrived. This was just the kind of man that Linda liked. A bit like a

The two blonde girls she saw were floating through the front door of a hotel room and out into the lobby. Greg was passing by. He jumped in his pants. Who knew that some chick could be laid in there? After a

quick walk up and down the hall he found he was alone. The blonde in green knee and elbow socks sat in the keyhole.

"What's all the fuss going down in there? Two girls were almost naked ... and one had huge knockers! She was on her knees on the big bed — its quivering and swaying — and her mouth was pressed to the other girl's cunt. All the while, the tall blonde in the white satin

garter belt was stroking the blonde's body, making her upmost excited.

Greg started pushing off a better view, joining the blonde and watching his mate. Sarcophagus-like, the blushing beauties lay their gray insides the room, and they pulled down her skirt for a look at the 13-year-old stiff cock they'd never seen.



Look at those tits!





They took turns sucking his rod.





NUMBER 213

FASHION LAY-OUT



People with one talent in the arts generally learn, if they give themselves the chance, that they can also excel in other art forms. And since fucking and cocksucking are recognized as arts by the intellectual elite — and since Annette Haven is one of the great cunts and cock-suckers of the era — it's no great surprise that she turned out an exceptional photographer. She discov-

ered her talent when she picked up a still camera and began banging away at her fellow performers while shooting a fuck film.

And sometimes Annette even went in for speculative pics, hiring her own models and shooting art pictures to be entered in contests or exhibited in art shows. Indeed, things soon reached the point where Annette was considering dropping out of the fuck film scene entirely and devoting her life to photography. After all, if she needed sex she could get all

she wanted without having to fuck in front of a camera. Maybe she could even get to enjoy fucking in privacy, with nobody watching. It might be fun, for a change, to suck on a cock without having a director standing there telling her how to do it, as though she didn't know herself what a cock was for.

But then, she thought, she might drift away from the men and women in the business who were her favorite friends, her fellow profes-



sionals who were probably the only other people who understood what it was like to fuck for glory. It was a matter for serious thought and Annette decided that she needed advice from her closest friends and fellow professionals. Therefore, since she'd also been asked to contribute some photographs to an exhibit special-

izing in the male body, she asked Phil to be her model and to offer his advice. It was at Phil's suggestion that Johnny Keyes was also invited. His muscular black body would be interesting to study with her camera and he certainly would have some points to make about Annette's possible change of profession.

Now Annette was getting nervous. She wasn't used to being fully dressed in a room with two hard cocks and neither of them occupied yet. Her hands were sweating and slippery on the camera. Twice she almost dropped it while trying to focus on their muscular bodies. How come she couldn't seem to be able to point it even as high as their waists? Had she remembered to put film in the camera? Why was it so hot in the room? She needed air, needed to open her clothing and let the cool air caress her body.

Caress her body. That was what she needed. Something caressing her as she stripped. Hands. Yes. There, like that. Things were beginning to feel right again. There were hands touching her, exploring her, feeling for the wetness between her thighs. Had she lost something? She'd have sworn there had been a camera in hands a moment ago. What would a camera be doing there? Cock belonged in her



White cock in her mouth . . . black

hands, not camera. Yes, cock. Two of them, thick and hard, like the one's she was really holding. Oh, God, how good they felt, pulsing in her hands. What should she do with them? Which way should she turn? which one should she suck first? With her eyes closed each felt as great as the other. She sank to her knees and let the men decide which would have the pleasure of being sucked off by her first. Ummmm, that tasted like Johnny's cock.

By the time she had Johnny ready to come Phil was fucking her from behind, driving his cock in with long, slow strokes and pulling it out even more slowly. He was timing his thrusts to Annette's cocksucking speed as she worked on Johnny, determined that the three of them should come at exactly the same time. Professional courtesy, so to speak.



in her pussy!





Annette sucked that black peter.

NUMBER 394

HANG-OVER CURE



The moment Neil showed up for breakfast, his pretty Brunette knew he needed cheering up... and a strong dose of pussy. The night before, he'd stormed out of the house angry, because she'd spurned his amorous overtures. When he'd staggered in again, she was fast asleep and had no way of knowing that he'd gone out and tied one on.

"Oh baby," she sympathized. "You didn't look very too-happy this morning, Neil."

When he just slumped down into his cup of morning coffee, she palmed him on the back and left him alone. Minutes later, however, the gal was back, and when he glanced up he got a nice eyeful. She'd stripped naked and donned a sexy satin garter belt he'd never seen before, a garment so wide it was almost like a corset. Her naked breasts jiggled

invitingly, and Neil's smirking expression began to be replaced by a look of pure lust.

"Maria mia," he finally mumbled. "Why couldn't you come onto me like this last night when I felt like a fuck? All I feel like doing now is soaking my head in ice."

His young wife made him change his mind real fast! She pulled off his polo shirt and stripped him of his jeans, then went to work on



his soaked body. First she fed
tan her pussy, then got him
lying flat on his back so she
could mount him and work
his upright cock into the hot
depths of her pussy.

Her wild fuck got the
guy's blood boiling, and he
rammed her off him and
threw her on her back.
He was giggling and
cackling, fighting him but
laughing all the while, as
Neil's bone got thicker and
thicker. He poked the
ullen head of the thing
briefly between the wet lips
of her pussy, screwed her a
ittle with it and then shifted
his thrumming dong higher up
her body . . . all the way to
her mouth.

"Oh no you don't!" she
gasped, smiling lewdly.
"Don't make me eat fish
again, Neil."

She grabbed his cock with
both hands and began to fing
the thing, milking it wildly.
How much of this could he



She fucked him flat!

take without shooting off his load! The answer came quickly—not much! Gooey sperm shot right out the piss-hole of his prick, and the first burst went right between her pursed lips and into her mouth. Neil shot off again and again, filling his wife's

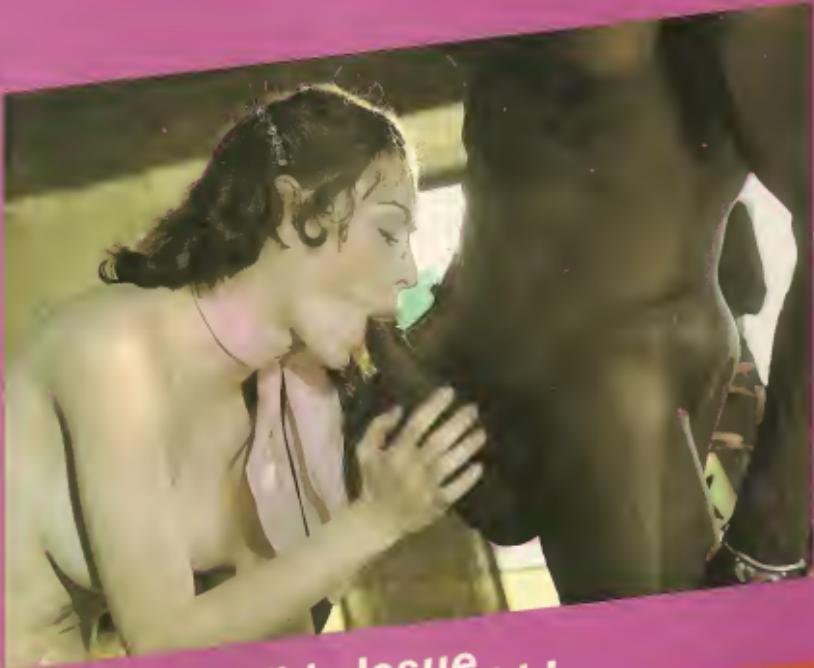
mouth, wetting her lips, splattering his cum on her face.

The night before had been a bust, but this little orgy made up for it...and then some! •



Cum spurt right into her mouth.





In This Issue . . .

**ANNETTE HAVEN
DOES IT FOR YOU!**

